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"Toot Yer Horn"

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

ULLIE

(ULLIE AKERSTROM)

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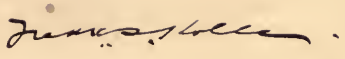

"TOOT YER HORN"

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

ULLIE

(ULLIE AKERSTROM)

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORESS.

1888.

TO THE PUBLIC,

WHOSE KIND ENCOURAGEMENT URGES ME ON TO HIGHER AIMS, THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

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"TOOT YER HORN IF YOU DON'T SELL A CLAM."

WHILE on a trip to Baltimore,
That city grand on Chesapeake's shore,
I met a man upon the pier,
('Mong other venders standing near);
With clams his cart was loaded down,
(A peddler he about the town);
"Good man," said I, "how many hours
Will it take to sell that load of yours?"
He turned and said, "Well, I don't know,
Whether I'll sell 'em fast or slow;
Life is a sort of game of 'grab,'
An' nothin' venture, nothin' have;
I'll do *my* best as sure as you're born;
I'll go around an' toot my horn
If I don't sell a clam!"

He drove away; his horn's clear (?) swell
Told far and near he'd clams to sell;
"Toot! toot! clams! c-l-a-m-s!" I heard him call,
"Here's nice fresh clams for great and small!"
"Toot! clams!" he called from street to street,
To all whom he would chance to meet;
I watched him drive out of my sight,
Yet still I heard his voice of might
Yell "clams! clams! clams!" I smiled to see
The honest fellow's earnest zeal;

I sauntered on with careless tread,
And still those words rang in my head :
" I'll do my best as sure as you're born ;
I'm goin' 'round to toot my horn
If I don't sell a clam ! "

I learned a lesson from that man,—
I honored his hard-working plan,—
I pray you take it home likewise,
Despondent souls with heavy eyes ;
" Brace up," that's slang, I know, but true,
And good advice for me and you ;
Don't sit and loaf on life's curbstone,
While others pass you're left alone ;
"Git up and git," don't waste your time,—
Life's choicest prizes may be thine ;
Good luck awaits both rich and poor ;
Go 'round and hunt—you'll find it sure ;
Don't sit complaining so forlorn,—
Go rush around and " toot your horn
If you don't sell a clam."

THE MINER'S PROTEGE.

WAL, you see its a queer story, missy,
The little gal's none o' our kin ;
But you bet when the old men go under
She's the one who will handle our " tin."
My pard an' me's rough minin' fellers,
We've got nary children nor wife ;
But we love little yaller-haired Nellie,
An' we'll rear her up right,—bet yer life.

How old? Wal she's nigh eight I reckon,
Five years since we brought her out here;
An' she was the cunninest baby
We'd looked at for many a year.
Yer see 'twas the time the Apaches
Broke out. (Blast the red imps o' sin!)
The emigrant train crossed their trail, Miss;
An' the Injuns they scooped 'em all in.

Yes, thar lay men, childen an' wimmen;
The red imps had raised all their ha'r;
We couldn't do nothin' to help 'em,
So my pard an' me buried them thar.
There was one likely lookin' young cretur'
Lyin' out from the rest of the heap.
She was dead like the rest—an' poor Nellie
Was close by her side fast asleep.

Wal, 'twas nigh ninety miles to the settlement;
Bill an' me turned the thing in our mind,
An' at last we concluded to keep her
An' bring her up lovin' an' kind.
We buried her poor dad an' mammy,
Likewise all their unlucky mates,
An' we named her Nell, arter a sweetheart
My pard had once, back in the States.

But the trouble we had with that young un
Was somethin' quite funny to see;
Bill give her up for a mystery,
Likewise she was too much for me.
Her durned duds, they wouldn't go on right,
An' we cussed every button an' string;
But arter a spell we did better,
When we once got the hang o' the thing

An' she's growin' up pert-like an' bloomin' ;
We take her to work every day,
And while Bill an' me's busy a minin'
She'll sit on the rock pile an' play.
An' she's made better men of us both, Miss,
We don't cuss now, nor go on no spree ;
'Cause we're workin' and savin' for Nellie,
The pride of my old pard an' me.

RIGHT WILL E'ER PREVAIL.

THOUGH this world of ours seems upside down,
And under falsehood's sway,
I tell you, friends, there's coming soon
A brighter, happier day.
There'll be a day when truth and love
Will rule o'er hill and dale ;
For a God of justice reigns above,
And Right will e'er prevail.

Brothers who trod the downward road
Led on by fiendish Rum,
But have broken loose from his fatal grasp,
And the upward path begun—
Though shunned and doubted now by all,
Do not o'er the past bewail ;
You will yet regain your lost estate,
For Right will e'er prevail

Sisters, who strayed from virtue's pale,
But have now turned back again,
Press on, for repentence, time and faith
Will blot out the past's dark stain.

Take heart! Work on in your self reform,
Your efforts will sure avail;
For a God of Love doth watch above,
And Right will e'er prevail.

Yea, earnest labor with heart and brain,
And the help of God will win;
And honesty, temperance, virtue, still
Will rise above crime and sin.
Then join hands in all the lands,
And encourage the weak and frail;
Let them turn not back to sin's dark track,
And may Truth and Right prevail.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCHYARD.

YON mound by brightest flowers decked,
Tells of a love not yet forgot;
Of thoughts that ever backward turn
From busy life to this lone spot.

Like sea of living green outspread,
By waving grass o'ergrown, this mound
Reminds us of the bright, fresh fields,
Where nature's free, rich gifts abound.

Yon sculptured marble, high and cold,
A token seems of power and worth;
Not so—a poor, weak hope it shows,
To be remembered on the earth.

Like blot upon a picture bright,
This dark and bare unsodden spot
So drear, and from the rest apart,
Seems by the whole wide world forgot.

Howe'er disguised, beneath each mound,
A hidden tenant ghastly lies,
A stark and mouldering, shrouded form
Is buried deep from human eyes.

* * * * * *

And so in life is man to man ;
We hear the jest, we see the smile,
Unheeding that the fair outside
Conceals a sorrow all the while.

Some men are like the mound with flowers,
Their lives seem full of bliss and light ;
Yet, 'neath the brilliant, gay outside,
Is hid some thought their joy to blight.

And others, like the marble high,
Conceal their minds 'neath pride and gold.
But, ah ! The rich man's haughty soul,
At times is filled with woe untold.

And like the drear, unsodden spot,
In some poor, joyless human heart,
Which, filled with sad and gloomy thoughts,
Seems fate ordained to live apart.

Yes, 'neath the careless look, each heart
Conceals some scar, some stab, some burn,
Or ruin of some cherished hope,
To which the thoughts forever turn.

And like the graves, the covering bright
Seems free from cloud as summer's sky ;
Yet, like the graves, deep in each heart,
The ashes of some image lie.

NEVER DILLY-DALLY.

WHAT e'er you have to carry, friend,
Don't loiter by the road,
Nor sit and wait for some one else
To lighten up your load.
If you intend to climb life's hill,
Don't idle in the valley ;
But warning take in time, my friend,
And do not dilly-dally.

In short, whate'er you have to do,
Do quickly and at once ;
The man who stands and "hems and haws,"
Is nothing but a dunce.
Life's hill is steep—If you would climb
Don't loiter in the valley ;
The winner in life's race is he
Who does not dilly-dally.

PHANTOMS.

YE phantoms of the buried past,
That rise athwart my path
Why come ye here your saddening gloom
Across my soul to cast?
Back to your haunts ! I'm living now
In light of the glad To-day ;
I weep no more o'er vanished joys ;
Back ! back ! Ye must not stay !

Why linger ye with shadowy hands,
That point my memory back
To crumbled idols, lying low,
O'er the weary, trodden track ;

I close my eyes on your gloomy forms,
And press on the upward way ;
I'll weep no more over vanished joys ;
Back ! back ! Why do ye stay ?

And yet, alas, with your presence comes
A yearning, I know not why,
To list to your plaintive, mournful tones,
Though I pass so quickly by ;
I fain would live in the peaceful calm,
And light of the glad To-day ;
I will not weep over vanished joys ;
Back ! back ! Ye shall not stay !

Why should I grieve and mourn and sigh
Over things that once have been ?
I cannot better my kindest act,
Nor lessen my greatest sin ;
So back to your haunts ye goblin things,
And there in oblivion stay ;
I weep no more over vanished joys ;
I live in the glad To-day !

TO-MORROW.

THE trees, green-leaved, through which the breeze
To-day is softly blowing,
The flowers that proudly rear their heads
Beside the brooklet growing ;
Inhale their perfume,—note their grace,
Nor thought of sadness borrow ;
Those flowers, so fragrant, fresh and pure,
May droop and die To-morrow.

Sweet child, beside thy mother's knee,
So innocent and smiling,
With childish prattle,—baby wiles,
Her every care beguiling ;
O clasp him, mother, while you may !
Shield his young life from sorrow;
Thy boy, so bright and winsome now,
Chill Death may claim To-morrow.

Young wife, close by thy husband's side,
So beautiful and charming,
Thy pure, confiding, wifely heart
No fear of ill alarming,
Smile while you may – love while you can,
(God turn each poisoned arrow) ;
The one you trust so fondly now,
Cold "change" may touch To-morrow.

Yea, flowers and beauty, light and joy,
Youth, talent, love and pleasure,
The careless heart, the lovelit eye,
Each fondly cherished treasure,
Enjoy to-day,—another sun
May bow thy soul in sorrow,
And what you prize so dearly now,
May all be gone To-morrow.

* * * * * *

And yet new forms spring up around,
With life the dead replacing ;
The Present with its joys and cares,
All else almost erasing ;
Keep fast thy hold on Faith and Hope,
Nor yield to needless sorrow ;
The sky so dark with clouds to-day,
May sunlit be To-morrow.

LEARN TO WALK ALONE.

THIS world's a puzzle hard to solve,
A riddle hard to read ;
And those who find life's path *all* bright
Are precious few indeed ;
Yet don't despair though Fortune frown,
Nor murmur at your fate ;
Your aim in life by earnest toil,
You'll sure win soon or late ;
But *walk upon your own feet,* friend,
Don't trust to other's strength
To carry or to pull you up
Life's hill of weary length ;
If e'er you hope to "make your mark,"
Or let your worth be known,
Take all the props from under you
And learn to walk alone.

Men, who depend on borrowed gold
To brighten up your name,
And plead you must make such display,
Your future wealth to gain ;
Beware ! "pay as you go" is best ;
Debt is an ugly foe,
You cannot tell what hour the fiend
Will strike a fatal blow !
Sons ! stand without your father's aid,
Upon yourselves rely,
Rich fruitage in the future lies,
You'll win it if you try ;
Know that the "solid man" is he
(In high or humble home)
Who has no props to lean upon,
But walks along alone.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR?

WHAT do we live for? Is it to toil
And hoard up wealth we can never use?
To labor on ever, day by day,
Till our eye and cheek their lustre lose?
To turn our backs on life's joys and light,
And concentrate all our thoughts to gain,
'Till our hair is gray and our step grows slow,
And our body is racked with declining pain?

What do we live for? Is it that we
May rule or conquer our fellow-men?
Or is it that we may pass our time
In study of art or use of pen?
And fill the dreamless hours of night
With longings for what we cannot attain,
Or to sacrifice all of our youth's bright light
For the poor and empty bauble, fame?

What do we live for? Is it to be
Despondent and saddened fore'er and e'er,
To turn from the pleasant walks of life
And choose for our part the toil and care?
Is it for this, alas, that man
Lives on, and on, through Time's long hours?
Is it for this that He has formed
Us after His image by his power?

Not so! O tired and brain-worn hordes
In the city's heated and pent up walls;
O drop for a while your books and pens,
Come listen how sweetly the wild bird calls!
Come gaze upon Nature's features fair,
Let her fan your brow with her perfumed breath;
Each day awhile with her scenes commune,
And life of its care will be half bereft.

A little of wealth will do us all,
If we pay our way from day to day ;
And poverty is not bitter, friend,
If we have our health and a heart that's gay ;
Enjoy on this earth its beauties rare,
Death rings full soon for us all his knell ;
And he who has gleaned the most of joy,
Can truly say "*He has lived life well!*"

PUSH AHEAD AND DON'T DESPAIR.

DOES your path look dark and gloomy?
Do your steps lag on the way?
Are you weary, sad, disheartened
At your trials every day?
Lift your head and pass on boldly,
Fearless, face life's storms and care ;
Every soul must bear its troubles :
Push ahead and don't despair.

Do you toil to win an object
Far away from present view?
Does each day seem ever bringing
Added care and toil to you?
If you do your very best, friend,
Through all weather, foul or fair,
Sure success will crown your efforts:
Push ahead and don't despair.

What's the use to sit complaining
O'er the ills we cannot mend?
Don't give way to vain repining,
Useless folly 'tis, my friend ;

Don't stand moping in the shadow ;
Step out where the sun shines fair,
Though the stumbling-blocks are many,
Push ahead and don't despair.

LIFE'S WORKERS.

IF you've incited fellow-men
To better acts and nobler deeds,—
If you have lent a friendly hand
To help a poor man's many needs,—
If you have Charity's silence kept,
Nor added blot to tarnished name,
But helped the weak one on his feet,—
Be sure you have not lived in vain.

If you have shown youthful minds
The difference 'twixt right and wrong,
Or helped to carry some one's load
Of care, Life's weary road along ;
If through your means some fallen one
Shall turn back from her life of shame,
And, with God's help, live honestly,—
Be sure you have not lived in vain.

If you shall point the way to light
To some dark, sad, discouraged heart,
If e'er you strive to help the Right,
As in Life's scenes you take your part—
Believe our God, whose searching eye
Knows all our motives, acts and pain,
Will not condemn His handiwork,
Nor deem that you have lived in vain.

YOUR FORTUNE.

SHALL I tell your fortune? Well, get the cards;
A gypsy must have her cards, you know;
Now, sit down there with attentive mien,
Sit right down opposite me—there—so;
I'll shuffle and cut and con the pack,
And all I tell will be strictly true;
As I view the cards I will tell, my friend,
What the dim, far future will bring to you.

Your life will be checkered here and there
With sunshine and shadow—a little rain;
If you use your talents and aim up high,
You'll make an honored and noble name;
If you work and save as you go along,
And wrong no man (by the cards I'm told),
You'll live a contented and peaceful life,
And have wealth to spare when you grow old.

You will love (I am safe in saying that,
For everyone loves sometime in life);
If you woo her rightly you'll gain her heart,
And make her your well beloved wife;
If you treat her e'er as a partner dear,
And are kind and patient (the cards now say),
She'll be fond and tender and true to you,
And be a good, faithful wife alway.

You can gain a stand in the busy world
By earnest, faithful and ceaseless toil;
You can ride on the crest of Life's wild waves,
Or sink unseen in the turbid moil,

The power's within you to drown or swim,
To win wealth, laurels, friends, or lose them ;
The talents you have.—how much you gain,
Depends entire on—how you use them.

* * * * *

Away with this folly, your "Fortune" 's done ;
I've told you all in the future lies,
As far as I can—for the coming years
Are solemnly sealed from mortal eyes ;
Your future fortune your own hands hold,
You can mould it just as you will, I say;
Be sure, To-morrow'll take care of itself
If you do the best you can To-day.

MY WISH.

LET me be happy while I may,
To me Life's sky looks clear to-day ;
Don't tell me if you know the sun
Will shroud in clouds, e'er day is done ;
Don't tell me, if the friends I love
You know, in time, most false will prove ;
But let me dream and smile to-day ;
Let me be happy while I may.

Perhaps the hands I love to clasp
Will smite me cruelly at last ;
Perhaps the lips I love to kiss
With scorn will end my fancied bliss ;
Perhaps the smiles that beam on me
Will prove to be hypocrisy ;
Yet do not tell me if you know ;
Don't warn me of the coming blow.

But let me dream ! Life's joys are few,
So let me fancy all are true ;
Time soon for me to weep may come,
And bitter wrongs to me be done ;
Yet do not cloud my dreams to-day,
These dreams that are so glad and gay,
But let me think they'll ever stay ;
Let me be happy, while I may.

RELY UPON YOURSELF.

AS YOU go forth in busy life
And join in the ceaseless strife,
To gain a little wealth,
This caution I would give to you :
True-hearted friends are very few,
Trust no one but yourself.

You'll find that as a general rule,
The world will make of you a tool
For gain of paltry pelf ;
So when you form a goodly plan,
Don't tell your thought to any man,
But "run the thing" yourself.

These so-called friends will often be
Far from you, if adversity
E'er robs you of your wealth ;
The truest friends in all the lands,
You'll find are your hard-working hands.
Rely upon yourself.

So don't forget the motto, friend,
If you into your life would send
True cheerfulness and health ;
Remember, he's the happiest man
Who 'mid all circumstances, can
Rely upon himself.

ODE TO NIGHT.

NIGHT ! O quiet night !
Bathed in the clear starlight ;
Bringing to weary souls
Sweet rest and calm repose ;
Casting o'er grass and flowers
Bright, sparkling, dewy showers
From heaven's pure cell,

Thine is the stilly hour
When those in trouble sore,
And those who mourn their dead,
With sad, low bending head,
Find for their bitter grief,
Transient, but sweet relief,
In sleep's calm spell.

On thy soft winds, ascend
Prayers from the saints, who bend
Humbly at His great throne,
Whose mighty power alone,
Can to the troubled heart
Comfort and peace impart ;
And heaven at last.

O night! thine is the hour,
When my mind's mighty power,
Traces, on swiftest wings,
All my life's wanderings;
Bringing back unto me
Plainly, the memory
Of days long past.

O night! unto my breast
Bring sweet forgetfulness;
Let not my mind e'er stray
Back o'er youth's joyous way,
Or pluck from past away,
One brilliant, blissful, day,
Or careless hour.

O night! unto my heart
Sweet, quiet peace impart;
Teach my wild, roving thought
To deem the past as nought,
And lift my eyes above;
Trusting in His great love
And mighty power.

THE STORM.

TO-NIGHT the Storm-king holds o'er earth his sway;
The lightning flashes—the thunder roars,
And from the lurid sky, so pitchy black,
The rain in heavy torrents ceaseless pours.

Fair Luna hides behind the heavy clouds,
Her beams of shining, limpid, silver bright,
And not a star lends to the gloomy scene
Its ray of brilliant and mysterious light.

Anon the dazzling lightning flash reveals
The hill, the plain, unto my watchful eyes ;
Then vanishes the strange electric flash,—
Again the earth in solemn blackness lies.

Rave on ! O storm ! thou suitest well my mind !
Flash ! lightning, flash ! and let my longing eyes
Dream that your glittering tracks are rays of light
Shed from the opening gates of Paradise.

DREAMS.

I dreamt :
'Twas of a garden rich with lovely flowers,
Whose gaudy hues and fragrance sweet and rare,
Filling the air and o'er my senses stealing
Like magic wild, beguiled my every care.

I dreamt :
'Twas of a tree whose limbs wild birds were filling ;
Their free, glad songs my sleeping soul enchanted ;
Their plumage gay the while my eye delighting,
As glimpse of heaven or land by fairies haunted.

I dreamt :
'Twas of a hall ; bright lights were throwing
Their lustre o'er a board with dainties spread ;
The woods, fields, sea, the vineyards,—all,
To the rich hoard their choicest treasures sped.

I dreamt :
'Twas of a scene where wealth and pomp
In regal state their empty tokens flaunted :
I saw in all that lordly crowd not one
To whom the boon of happiness was granted.

I dreamt :
'Twas of a ball-room ; nimble feet were gliding
Over the floor, to music whose sweet measure
Bewildered every sense, causing the heart to throb
With joy delirious, lost to all but pleasure.

I dreamt :
It was of forms, whose lightest touch
Filled me with rapture ; Dream of joy !
Then flowers and song and gilded hall of pride,
All sunk to naught in bliss without alloy.

I dreamt :
Their words were truth ; ah, happy dream !
That fled too soon,—like morning dew,—
Like mist before the sun away it sped,—
Like lightning flash or sunset's glorious hue.

I dreamt :
'Twas of an eye whose glance sought mine in love,
My spirit, answering to the look,
All else forsook ; alas, the vision fled,
Dreamland was gone and starting, I awoke.

I 'woke and found my garlands withered leaves ;
I 'woke and found my grain was empty sheaves ;
I 'woke and found my birds were birds of prey ;
I 'woke and found the music passed away.

I wept to find of truth and love no token ;
I wept to find how lightly vows are broken ;
I wept to find my kind friends all had flown ;
I wept to find my bright hopes all o'erthrown.

Ah ! dreams of beauty, song and light,
And friends so true ! Ye come no more
My soul to cheer ; but through the gloom
I onward look to Heaven's bright shore.

UNREST.

MY mind to-night is not at rest;
My spirit heaves within my breast,
And almost seems to take its flight
To yonder heaven so pure and bright,
And soar beyond the stars.

My mind's keen eye can almost see
The brilliant marvelous mystery,
That holds within yon wondrous space
Each whirling planet in its place,
Through all Time's fleeting hours.

My spirit seems to roam at will
From planet unto planet, till
At last the moon's clear shining beams
Sink low beneath the silent streams,
And naught of light remains.

Then doth my spirit fold its wings
And as the morning light begins,
Worn with its toilsome wanderings,
And restless, roving hoverings,
Back to the earth return.

MEMORIES.

WITH the moonbeams round me streaming,
In my chamber I sit dreaming,—
Dreaming of bright hopes o'erthrown;
And my spirit, sad and weary,
Clings with feeling lone and dreary
To the happy days long flown.

All the world is wrapped in sadness ;
Not a sound disturbs the stillness
Save the sighing of the wind,
And its low and mournful sobbing
Softly calms my heart's wild throbbing,
Gently rests my troubled mind.

And old mem'ries round me thronging,
Fill my bosom with wild longing
To live childhood's bright years o'er ;
Tearing out Life's written pages,
And in scorn of wise old sages,
Be a careless child once more.

Round me visions gather thickly
Of the ones I loved so fondly,
Of the ones so true and dear.
Though their winsome forms I see not,
And their voices dear I hear not,
I can feel their presence near.

Thus my spirit sadly musing,
All forgetfulness refusing,
Lingers fondly o'er the past,
Till my heart that throbs so wildly,
And my thoughts so drear and lonely,
Gentle slumber calms at last.

THE SEA.

YOU may sing of the beauties of flowers and trees,
Of the fresh green woodland's mysteries,
Of halls that resound with wit and mirth,
Of wonders hidden deep in the earth ;
You may sing their praises, but, ah ! to me
There is naught so dear as the rolling sea.

How wildly and madly the white waves play !
How they fling and splash their brilliant spray !
They come rushing in with a roaring tone,
And then glide back with a sob, and moan ;
Naught of nature is half as dear to me
As thou, O, tossing, restless sea !

I love to sit on thy glittering sand,
Or wander alone on thy sunny strand,
And gather the pebbles and quaint, queer shells,
Cast up from from thy hidden, unknown cells ;
O, would I knew all thy mystery,
O moaning, sobbing, sighing sea !

* * * * * *

O sea ! as thy waves so memories come
To me, of the days when gay and young,
I mingled (happy time to me !),
'Mong those now severed far from me ;
Some in strange countries took their way,
And others have gone to a Brighter day.

Roll on, O sea, for far away
Is my roving mind and heart to-day ;
Perhaps thy music can drive from me
The grief for those I no more will see ;
So cheer my soul with thy sturdy roar,
And I will think of the past no more.

THE COAT MAKES THE MAN OF TO-DAY.

THERE'S many queer sayings we hear every day,
And some are quite "stale," some are new ;
But the one I will mention in this little rhyme
Is something, alas, that's "too true" ;

No matter how gifted or worthy you be,
As you hurry along on life's way,
If seedy your clothes, you'll be slighted and scorned;
For the coat makes the man of to-day.

A man may be vile as the vilest can be;
If he cloaks all his sin beneath gold;
Now-a-days he is sought after, fawned on and praised,
And looked up to by both young and old;
While he legally plunders his poor fellow-men;
Grinds the hearts of the poor day by day;
His wealth shuts the eyes of his friends to his crimes,
For the coat makes the man of to-day.

Degenerate mankind, alas, cherished gold
And fine clothes, more than virtue and brains;
And the man who can spend out the most for display,
The highest position attains;
But the day will soon come when a man's honest worth
Will stamp him—and people will say:
"Give us honor and truth, not tinsel and dross,"
Though the coat makes the man of to-day.

THE FOUR SUNS.

HE was a laughing, bright-eyed, merry boy,
Who romped and played with heart so light and gay,
With his young mates, while o'er the distant hills
Shone warm the fading light of summer's day;
The sunset tinted all the scene with gold,
Yet all unheeded passed the glad hours by,

Till at the homestead door his mother stands
And gazes on the scene with lovelit eye,
And soon I hear her say, "Come home my pet,
'T is time my little boy was safe in bed—
The sun has set."

The years roll by; the boy to manhood grown,
With bearded cheek and form erect and strong,
Has singled out from loveliest womankind
The one to cherish most through all life long;
Implicit faith he places in her truth,
Affection gives the holiest man can pay;
Alas! as time flies by he finds her false;
His joy-crowned future passes slow away;
Heart-broken though he be, he knows not yet
That from his life the brightest light has gone—
Love's sun has set.

Years still glide on among life's busiest throng;
We find him now—Ambition rules his soul;
He strives 'gainst poverty, hate, malice—all—
Works with a will to win the wished-for goal;
Alas! his step grows slow, his eyes grow dim,
His idle hands hang listless by his side;
Into vice, drunkenness and shame
He careless drifts upon life's changing tide;
His guardian angel's eyes with tears are wet,
His warning voice is all unheeded now—
Hope's sun has set.

A few more years, and then an humble hearse
Passes along the dusty, worn highway,
Bearing away to rest and peace at last
The poor, world-worn, spirit-broken clay;
No funeral knell rings out upon the air,
No mourners gather round the humble tomb;

His friends, the few he had, are scattered far,
Or else are careless what may be his doom ;
But in the great Hereafter he may yet
Find what he vainly sought on earth—
Life's sun has set.

PHILOSOPHY.

SOMETIMES the cross we have to bear
Seems far too heavy for our strength,
And often do our footsteps lag
Along life's path of weary length ;
Yet push ahead, the way will clear,
These stumbling blocks must be withstood ;
And oft events that seem the worst
Are very often for our good.

Do friends betray the love you gave,
And prove themselves of little worth ?
Don't let that cloud your happiness,
Nor banish from your heart the mirth ;
Your love was pure—your truth unstained ;
To them, not you, falls all the shame ;
You've learned a lesson, that is all ;
You know "the burnt child dreads the flame."

Live in yourself, 'tis better far ;
For "friends" so often fail us now ;
Then stand alone and meet your fate
With steady heart and fearless brow ;
Press on your way, the road will clear,
The storms of life must be withstood ;
You'll find events that seem the worst
Are very often for our good.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

ON SEEING A HANDSOME BOUQUET.

FLOWERS, sweet flowers!
So fragrant and so fair,
Whose perfume sweet is wafted on the air;
You charm my senses
And delight my eye;
Why must you die?

Bright, laughing child,
Whose dancing, fairy feet
Trip by me now to time of laughter sweet;
You, in whose heart
Is happiness untold,
Must you grow old?

O, maiden pure,
Of beauty's fairest mold,
Whose charms I view, so rare and manifold;
'Tis sad to think,
Bewitching, lovely maid,
Your charms will fade!

Sweet thoughts,
God planted in our minds;
Whose presence lightens up our cross in life;
Remembrance of our loved, that like a sun,
Shines on our hearts through all the world's mad strife;
Ye, while life lasts,
And reason holds its sway,
Pass not away.

THE OLD DRESS.

WELL, yes, it is "shabby," don't laugh at it, pray,
Just fold it up neatly and put it away ;
Poor, worn out dress ! I will keep it fore'er,
As I would a choice picture or lock of friend's hair !
I will keep it and prize it through all life's strange changes,
The dress that I wore when I earned my first wages.

Poor "green" little girl ! I can smile now, you see,
As the place and the scene in thought come to me,
As with loud-beating heat I stood waiting my "cue,"
And trembled lest failure attend my "debut" ;
Though greater plays now my attention engages,
I prize the old dress that helped earn my first wages.

What labor it cost me, you'll sure understand
When I say every part was made by my own hand ;
How I worried for fear the few charms I possessed
Should not on that night appear at their best.
Time flies. Since that night I have trod many stages,
Yet I keep the old dress that helped earn my first wages.

Poor faded old dress ! there all crumpled you lie,—
Your days of "utility" all have passed by ;
You seem an old friend ! "I am foolish," you say ;
Perhaps so ; yet carefully put it away ;
'Tis "useless," I know, but through life's busy changes,
I'll keep the old dress that helped earn my first wages.

OBLIVION.

IF I should die to-morrow, and my eyes
Were calmly closed, beneath the coffin lid,
My voice be hushed to never sound again,
My form from your dear eyes be ever hid,

You'd weep perchance, beloved one—your soft eyes
With honest heartfelt tears might oft be wet ;
But, calm would slow but surely come to you,
In time you would forget.

Think not I mean unkindly when I say
Time cures the worst heart-wounds—makes all things whole;
We weep to-day—perchance to-morrow's sun
Will find all mirth and gladness in our soul.
The mem'ry of a thing that caused us joy
May pass before the same day's sun be set,
And newer scenes and loves replace the lost.
'Tis human to forget.

So do not chide, beloved one, when I say
That you'd forget me if I passed away ;
That on your cheek would burn the same warm glow,
And your lips wreathe in laughter just as gay.
I would not alter Life's most wise decree,
Nor do I "dumb forgetfulness" regret ;
Love me to-day—if I am called away
I'd rather you'd forget.

THE WEED.

I HAD a seed of some unknown plant,
I found it on the wayside as I walked ;
I planted it and watered it with care
And pictured all its beauty in my thought ;
My fancy saw in it a blossom rare,
Whose perfume would surpass the loveliest flowers
A thing whose beauty, symmetry and grace
Would glad my eyes through all the summer hours.

I planted deep the seed and little dreamed
Its life and beauty had long since gone out ;
That watchful care, rich earth and tireless toil
Could never make the withered seed to sprout ;
How could I know, unheeded there had fell
A hideous weed close by my cherished seed
And that the care and labor that I paid
Was benefiting an unsightly weed.

At last a tender sprout came through the earth
(It was the weed and not my fancied hoard) ;
I knew it not but fondly dreamed at last
My tenderness and care would meet reward.
It grew apace,—I weeded it with care
And sheltered it from winds in stormy hour,
And deemed my labor would be well repaid
The hour that oped my rare and unknown flower.

At last it opened,—'twas the ugly weed,
Unsightly and a thing of nothing worth,
While it, the seed I fondly thought had bloomed
Was rotting, mouldering in the moist, damp earth
I tore the weed and flung it from me far ;
Angry and yet I could but smile to see
How weak I'd been to waste my time and thought
Upon a seed of worth unknown to me.

* * * * * *

When in your life you plant a cherished seed,
And fancy that its growth will beauteous be,
And that its loveliness and fragrance pure
Will be a source of endless joy to thee,
Watch that you do not pick from out your path
A dead, a withered, and a worthless seed.
And, like me, waste your labor and your time
Upon a worthless and unsightly weed.

SOMEBODY'S WAITING FOR ME

WHEN the sunlight, slowly fading,
Proclaims the dying day,
And across the fields and meadows
I homeward take my way;
Just down the turn in the pathway,
'Neath the shade of the old oak tree,
There's somebody mild and gentle,
Who watches and waits for me.

She stands in the waning sunshine,
With the lovelight in her eye,
And her wind-swung tresses floating
O'er a cheek of crimson dye;
With a smile of joyous welcome,
To meet me she gaily trips,
And a tender kiss awaits me
From somebody's loving lips.

I name not her age or station,
If humble or proud she be,
But of all the heaven-given treasures
The dearest and best is she.
Too pure for a thought of evil,
E'er willing my cares to share,
The queen of my heart's deep centre
Is she who is waiting there.

So whatever of ill befall me,
Through the weary and tedious day,—
As the evening shadows lengthen,
And I homeward take my way,
My heart and my step grow lighter
As I near that old oak tree,
For I know my darling's watching
And waiting to welcome me.

THE OLD WIFE'S SONG.

WE'RE a jolly old couple, our hair is gray,
But never a mite care we ;
Our lifeboat drifts on Time's tranquil tide,
And from trouble and care we're free ;
Our steps are slow and our frames are bent, –
There's a mist o'er our dim old eyes ;
Yet cheerful we travel, hand in hand,
'Neath pleasant or stormy skies ;
Many long years we've journeyed on,
And the end we can almost see ;
But we're ready to go when the Master calls,
My dear old man and me.

Seventy years we struggled on,—
Our trials were not a few ;
We raised our family best we could
Till each boy into manhood grew ;
Then they turned away from the threshold worn,—
Afar through the world to roam,
Till the last loved one had passed away
From the silent and lonesome home ;
Three wedded the mates that their young hearts chose ;
Two travel the restless sea ;
So we live in the old house all alone,
My dear old man and me.

We chat o'er the scenes of our youthful days,
And we laugh right merrily,
As we sit in the evening's quiet glow,
O'er our cups of fragrant tea ;
For love dies not like the soft, dark tress,
Or the color of cheek's bright glow ;

And our hearts are just as warm to-day
As they were long years ago;
Together we stand on the mystic shore
Of Eternity's solemn sea,
And we trust we will safely cross to Him,
My dear old man and me.

GOING HOME.

GOING home! How strange it sounds to me!
I who for years have roamed o'er land and sea;
So long have clasped no hands save stranger's hands;
So long made transient "homes" in foreign lands;
I scarce can realize all the word implies.

Going home! "for rest and peace," I say!
Back to the place where first I saw the day;
Shall I indeed my old friends' faces see?
Will they indeed in true faith welcome me?
Or shall I find, alas, affection dies?

Going home! I wonder if the flowers
Are still as fragrant as in the childhood's hours?
I wonder if the old tree's standing yet,
Beneath whose shade I've watched the grand sunset
Gilding the rolling prairies of the west?

Going home! I eagerly return
Back to the hearth where dearest home-fires burn:
Though friends forget or fail to recognize,
Upon the scene I'll gaze with loving eyes,—
My home—the spot on earth I love the best!

ILLINOIS.

I CAN hear the bells a-chiming,—
Bells that ring so loud and gay;
Yet my thoughts to-day turn backward
To my home so far away;
Round me flowers bud and blossom,—
Softest southern breezes blow;
Though 'tis Christmas' joyous morning,
Yet I see no frost or snow;
I can hear the Spanish lady
Chant her strange, yet lovely tune;
Near my window are magnolias,
And the orange's perfume;
Yet my northern heart is restless—
Longings wild my soul annoy—
And I'd rather see the snow gleam
On the plains of Illinois.

I have crossed the grand old "Rockies,"
With their snow-capped heads so high,—
Gazed down in their rugged bosoms,
Where the miner's treasures lie;
Roamed o'er Kansas—Colorado,
(Beauteous "Switzerland of the West");
Watched the turbid Rio Grande
Rushing on in wild unrest;
Crossed the Gila—Brazos—Pecos—
Gleaming rivers pure and bright;
Watched the Indians as they gathered
Round their camp-fire's cheerful light;
Plucked the loveliest southern blossoms,—
Perfumed sweet, without alloy;
Yet I'd rather have a violet
From the plains of Illinois.

Wonder not my heart turns backward
From these bright but stranger scenes;
That I'm longing for the prairies,
With their placid, gliding streams;
That I choose, from out her sisters,
Illinois to love the best,
And that none like her can ever
Hold first place within my breast;
Mountains, valleys, caves and cañons—
Perfumed air, bewildering song,
Though they win me for a moment,
Do not claim my homage long,
I will tell you now the secret—
Why I thus these scenes disown—
As a child I roamed the prairies,
And Chicago is my home.

LOVE COMMANDS ALL.

THERE came to a laughing country maid,
One beautiful summer's day,
A fairy who bent at her tiny feet,
And in accents sweet did say:
"Thy merits so please our fairy queen,
She hath now commissioned me
To give thee the choice of four noble gifts,
Which I now will name to thee;
Thus spake my queen: 'Doth she wish for gold,
Or honor, or love or fame,
Say I will send her of these four things
Whichever she chooses to name';

But ponder well ere you choose, dear maid,
For whatever thy choice shall be,
You must cling to it through all of life
And lose the other three."

The maiden paused and a troubled shade
Came over her features fair;
"'Twould be fine," she mused, "to have the gold
With those I love to share;
But wealth alone could ne'er supply
The wants of this heart of mine,
I can not—dare not lay my all
On Mammon's gorgeous shrine;
And fame and honor by such as I
Are held but in light esteem;
We value more the woods—the flowers,
And the sun's warm, shining beam;
The pets of the world's loud, praising crowds
Oft carry a heavy heart,
And for peace of mind and health and joy
With laurels would gladly part."

"And love—" her cheek flushed a deeper hue,
And a soft light in her eye
Shone forth with a brilliant joyous flash,
That rivalled the sunlit sky.
"I have pondered well o'er my choice, dear Fay,
And I'll take of thy queen's gifts free,
The one I deem will in future years
Prove the dearest and best to me;
I choose that I ever may be beloved
By him whom my heart holds dear,
And that Love and I may never part,
Through all of my journey here."

Quoth the fairy, "Thy choice is the richest one
That is e'er to mortals given,
For a loving heart that's beloved again,
Finds the earth almost a heaven!"

Then the light-winged fairy sped away
To her home in the shady glade,
And told her queen of the treasure chose
By the heart of the lovely maid.
Quoth the queen: "'Tis well with the guileless girl;
Ho! Fairies! I charge thee, flee!
And carry to her not love alone,
But also the other three!"

NOBODY CARES BUT MOTHER.

FULL many changes old Time has wrought
In my life, so strange—eventful;
And few I find who cheer me on,
But many I find who censure;
And where'er I go, and whene'er the clouds
O'er my troubled pathway hover,
I find it still, as in childhood's hours
That nobody cares but mother.

If the thorns pierce deep my way-worn feet,
And no resting-place to cheer me
Doth greet my eye, and my voice falls dead
On ears that refuse to hear me;
How quickly my strength doth seem renewed,
And light all my path doth cover;
Ah! how speedy the cross that I bear grows light
By a cheering word from mother.

Yes, friends of to-day may be kind and true,
And love me pure—sincerely;
But no love on earth can e'er replace
This which I prize so dearly;
And when my journeyings all are o'er,
My sole wish is no other
Than that kindly Fate will take me back
To my childhood's home and mother.

BETRAYED.

HE was of proud and high descent,
She was a peasant maid;
She loved too well, alas! alas!
A heavy price she paid;
O sob, ye winds, with solemn tone;
Sun, hide thy face from sight,
For she, so beautiful and fair,
Is dying with thy light!

O, bright and sparkling was her eye,—
With lips of rosy red;
A face as bright as yonder flower,
And raven curl-crowned head!
So wan, so feeble lies she now;
Birds! hush that warbling gay:
Her lovely eyes will close in death
Before another day!

A sad-eyed mother watches o'er
Her daughter's fading life;
She is her first-born still,
Although a mother, but no wife;

She loved—she trusted—was deceived—
On her life fell the blight;
Aye, whisper low, ye sobbing winds,
For she will die to-night.

* * * * * *

Clasp her hands o'er her bosom calm;
Brush smooth her silken hair;
Place her dead baby on her breast,
And kiss her brow so fair;
God knoweth all—He knoweth all
The wiles her love that won;
At peace at last! poor hapless girl!
Thy earthly cares are done.

TO MY OLD FRIENDS.

TRUE old friends! O kind old friends!
Dear friends I loved of yore!
Your memory dwells within my heart,
As I roam from shore to shore;
I've traveled far 'mid splendid scenes;
O'er mountain, hill and dell,
And many hands I've clasped in mine
That knew and loved me well;
But new-found friends supplant you not,
Ah! still where'er I roam,
My heart holds fast the mem'ry of
Dear friends who are at home.

Come clasp my hands, ye honest friends,
That knew me from a child;
With whom so often merrily
I weary time beguiled;

I love to feel the fervent press
Of your dear hands again;
I long to hear your voices loved
Call once again my name;
Time brings great changes to all lives,—
But, till my days are o'er,
My heart will hold a tender spot
For my dear old friends of yore.

IF.

IF I could only dream again
The glad, bright dreams of long ago,
And tear from mem'ry's full writ page
The scenes and deeds I so well know;
If I could only feel again
That honest trust in human kind,
And drive the doubt and weary pain
From out my tired, world-worn mind;

If this could be methinks whate'er
Unto my lot might then be sent,
I'd bear with uncomplaining heart,
And 'mid all trials be content,
Friends of my youth! return, return!
Kind friends of yore! come clasp my hand
O leave me not alone to toil
O'er life's wild, rugged land!

Vain is my call. Their faces loved
The scenes of earth no longer know;
Deep with my youthful dreams they're hid
Within the grave of long ago.

I hurry on. Few, few I meet
Can to my heart give answering tone,
And when 'mid gay and careless crowds
'Tis then I am the most alone.

LINES.

TO A FRIEND.

THINK of me,
Though now our barks upon life's troubled sea
Shall drift apart. Though it may chance to be
That never more as in the pleasant past
Our paths shall side by side again be cast.
Yet, whatso'er may be thy future lot,
Forget me not.

Remember me,
And if thou findest that the new found friends
Prove like a reed in every wind that bends,
O then bethink thee of the one afar,
Whose love shines o'er thee like a watching star,
Whose fondest thoughts are centred all on thee,
Where'er thou be.

But, dearest one,
If thou art beset by life's relentless storms,
If friends prove false; if thy lone spirit mourns,
And footsore, heartsick, you would fain find rest,
Upon a loving and a faithful breast;
If e'er (which God forbid) such time should be,
Haste unto me.

LINES.

ON HEARING A GENTLEMAN SAY THE SPIRIT OF HIS DEAD WIFE SEEMED ALWAYS NEAR HIM.

SHE is not dead.
I feel, I know that she is ever near,
Her loving tones still ring upon my ear,
And cheer my soul as in the days of yore,
And though on earth I ne'er shall see her more,
She has not fled.

Her soul lives still.
It lingers ever round my onward way,
With its pure presence blessing every day.
Beloved wife ! her faith and constancy,
And her deep love and confidence in me
Death could not kill.

Her graceful frame,
Whose presence filled with joy my happy home,
Is hid from view, and I am left alone.
But still her gentle spirit comes to me.
And thus, despite the grave's dark mystery,
She lives again.

So on in life
I journey with a cheerful, thankful heart,
And humbly bear of toil and care my part.
Soon will I clasp her cherished form once more,
Soon will I meet upon yon blissful shore
My angel wife.

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

'TWAS Christmas day,
The pure snow lay
Deep o'er the slumbering, silent earth;
While all around
Was heard the sound
Of innocent, careless, heartfelt mirth.

By rushed a throng,
With laugh and song,
Of school-girls chatting of Christmas cheer;
Unheeding one
Who, pale and young,
And empty-handed, lingered near.

As they passed away,
With hearts so gay,
I turned to the maiden standing near,
And gaily said,
As she raised her head,
"Well, what did Santa bring you, dear?"

Her dark brown eyes
Looked their surprise,
As she said, "O Miss, we are but poor;
We deem it wealth,
If perfect health
And food are plenty within our door.

"So, Miss, you see
That such as we
Are well content these toys to spare.
I covet not
A richer lot,
Of greater treasures I have a share.

"For one above
In gracious love,
Th's day to me has kindly given
A pleasure rare,
A gem most fair,
It is the Christian's hope of Heaven.

"Last night so plain
This message came,
'For thee was Jesus crucified.'
He reigns above,
O trust his love,
And he will be thy refuge—guide."

Her eyes were raised
To meet my gaze,
As she said (I still her image see),
"He died for *me*,
Low as I be,
Christ was God's Christmas gift to me."

I bowed my head,
No word I said,
A lesson deep in my heart was laid.
O would that I
Could look on high,
With the trust and faith of that little maid!

TO A CHILD.

BRIGHT, happy childish face,
That beams with fairy grace,
Loved one so dear;
Thy little dancing form,
Resplent with baby charm,
Sheds sunshine here.

That little rosy palm,
And snowy, dimpled arm,
And brow so fair,
Seem formed to bless the earth,
And change to happiness
The darkest care.

Thy voice so sweet and clear,
And tiny feet e'er near,
And loving heart,
Unto my troubled breast,
So full of wild unrest,
Sweet calm impart.

Dear child, in thee I find
One who with constant mind,
Loves me alone;
Whose lisped words are truth,
Whose love of honest youth
Is all my own.

BRIDAL AND FUNERAL FLOWERS.

"BRIDAL and funeral flowers."
Those were the words it bore,
Shining in letters bright,
Over the florist's door.

"Bridal and funeral flowers,"
Coupling thus as one
The bride and the cold, stiff corse,
Whose race of life is run.

One who will soon go forth
A happy, trusting wife,
And one who in Death's calm sleep
Is safe from the cares of life.

As I read the words I think
'Tis in white they robe the bride,
When she stands in modest grace
By her chosen husband's side.

And in white they clothe the corse,
While the cold, pale hand, perchance,
Holds the mate to the bridal flower,
Perhaps from the selfsame branch.

"Bridal and funeral flowers,"
Blooming there side by side,
To be placed in the dead's cold hand,
Or twined in the hair of the bride.

"Bridal and funeral flowers,"
Happiness—death and gloom,
Written thus side by side,
Life—and the dark, cold tomb.

But who is the one to tell
Which is most truly blest?
The bride in her youthful pride,
Or she who is safe at rest?

UNDER THE WILLOW.

UNDER the willow I stand to-night,
And the stars above shed solemn light
O'er the scene I have come to view once more,
Ere I leave forever my native shore.

Under the willow I stand and gaze
On the ruined home of my youthful days ;
What vanished bliss my heart recalls,
As I look on the stained and crumbled walls.

Within that home I was born and bred ;
There sounded my sister's and brother's tread.
In that home were spent the happy years
Ere I faced the world with its toil and fears.

Within its walls died, one by one,
The loving parents, the children young ;
And I alone am left to gaze
On its ruined walls, 'neath the stars' calm rays.

Can all these years have passed ? It seems
But a day when amid these remembered scenes ;
Though my eye then bright, is dimmed now,
And deep, dark wrinkles mark my brow.

Home, churchyard willow ! I leave you all ;
Those long past years I cannot recall ;
The pain it costs me I cannot tell,
To turn away with a sad farewell.

LINES.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

DEARLY loved one, thou hast vanished,
Thy bright baby form has perished ;
Thou art now beyond the stars.
Nevermore we'll hear thee singing,
With thy voice so clear and ringing ;
Mem'ry only now is ours.

Though my heart is full of sadness,
And my life seems void of gladness,
Since thy childish form has fled;
Still, I would not now recall thee;
Better far that thou should'st calmly
Slumber with the quiet dead.

Better, ere thy heart so blithesome,
Learned how sad, and drear, and toilsome
Is the lot of all on earth;
Ere the time when thou would'st sadly
Wish thy mother (grieving fondly)
Ne'er had given thee thy birth.

'Round thy grave bright flowers are springing,
And the notes of wild birds singing,
Fill the air at eventide.
O'er thy headstone, coldly gleaming,
Summer sun so brightly streaming,
Seemeth longest to abide.

Peaceful is thy quiet slumber;
Thou among the heavenly number,
Safe from care will ever be.
When my journey is completed,
May we then be re-united
In the glad Eternity.

MY BIRD'S SONG.

'TIS a stormy day and the heavy clouds
Hang low with a frowning mien;
The rain pours down and no friendly ray
From old hidden Sol is seen.
I sit alone in my study here,
And wish that the clouds were gone,
While Dick, my bird, in his cage near by
Sings to me through the storm.

Anon the clouds of the deepest dye
Are cleft by the lightning's flash,
And the rain with fury fierce and wild,
'Gainst my window pane doth dash.
But Dick unheeds the dark outside;
(In the South first he saw the dawn),
And as if he was 'mong his native hills,
Sings to me through the storm.

And I smile as I hear his merry lay,
As it rings so quaint and sweet,
As I watch the poise of his dainty head,
And the dance of his busy feet.
My eye grows bright, and my weary brain
Forgets it is racked and worn,
And I say, "sing on, my merry bird,
O sing to me through the storm."

* * * * * * *

O, would that all in this selfish world,
In the hurrying, grasping throng,
Could have in their souls a hidden hope,
Or a love that is deep and strong,
That would light their lives with a gleam of light
When time leaves them bereft and worn,
And ring in their hearts through the world's mad strife
Like my bird's song through the storm.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIR.

SITTING in my room at twilight,
In the last faint sunset's glow,
Watching the fast coming shadows
Flitting softly to and fro.
Hushed is now all busy turmoil,
Ended is the day of care,
And I, listening, wait the coming
Of a footstep on the stair.

Hark! I hear the firm tread sounding,
Eagerly he comes to meet
One he knows awaits his coming,
One who waits with welcome sweet.
Though to others I am humble,
In his eyes I am most fair;
Sweetest music to my hearing
Is his footstep on the stair.

Lo, he comes! Ah, when Life's over,
And my days on earth are past,
When my heart, so strange and wayward,
Shall be silent—calm at last,
Love dies not—my soul in Heaven,
Though within that realm so fair,
Still will watch for you, my darling,
Coming up the golden stair.

LINES.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

I MET the friend I loved when but a child,
And as I clasped again his honest hand
And looked once more into his earnest eyes
I was the happiest mortal in the land.
The long years sped since last I saw his face
Seemed but a dream—a dream most strange and wild,
For by his side the years seemed lifted up,
And I again a careless, happy child.
Yet pause I even now to note the change
The stamp of manhood shows upon his face,
While on my brow are lines of anxious care—
(The lot of all in Life's eventful race,)
Yet O what joy! (and joys in life are few,)
It is to see your face, O friend so true!

O cruel Time! to thus so quickly speed,
And leave your traces on our hearts and brows.
Relentless Time! that crushes out our youth,
Before whose power the mightiest mortal bows,
Yet, ah! you cannot touch the sacred Past,
Nor turn to blank Youth's written pages fair,
When Love was truth and Friendship not a name,
And Childhood built its "castles in the air."
So tarry by my side, beloved friend;
Take once again my hand within your own,
And let me sit and look upon your face,
And listen to your voice's kindly tone.
Friends of To-day, I do not doubt their truth,
But, ah! they cannot be the friends of youth.

ONLY A TRESS OF HAIR.

ONLY a tress of soft, dark hair,
And yet 'twill be,
Whatever fate this world may bring,
Most dear to me.

The head this tress adorned
Has laid in rest,
In true, confiding love,
Upon my breast.

The tress was severed then
That it might be
A token dear from her, my friend,
Who so loved me.

Dark storms have crossed my path
Since last we met,
And yet her dear and loving face
I'll ne'er forget.

The sweet, low voice is silent now,
The head laid low,
And o'er her grave on yonder hill
The flowers grow.

Time brought me many trials sore,
And heavy care,
And yet I fondly cherish still
Her tress of hair.

OLD LOVE SONGS.

I WAS singing to-day the old love songs
With their plaintive tones so low,
The old love songs that I sang for you
In the far-off long ago ;
And as I sung the sweet refrain
Of each well-remembered lay,
My mind was musing all the while
Where you might be to-day ?

'Twas long ago—on a summer's eve—
When you were by my side,
And I was a laughing, careless thing,
Your childlike promised bride,
I sang—as the birds sing—merrily,
And my voice was full and free,
But the meaning hid in the tender words,
Was not then plain to me.

Time flies ! I am here and you afar.
With the long miles stretched between ;
Life's cares have blotted the fairy dream,
And changed our lots I ween.
I do not regret—it is better so—
Yet my tears they fall like rain,
As I hum to myself the plaintive strains
Of those old love songs again.

For before me rises a laughing face,
Youthful and free from guile,
A child, within whose bosom pure
Were innocent thoughts the while,
Who trusted her kind with an honest trust,
Gave to all her pure love's wealth ;
But I scarce can recognize in her,
My cold, world-hardened self.

The tears they come, and I let them fall,
But I do not weep for you,
I weep for my vanished, youthful dreams
Of all things good and true.
I weep that Time has torn the veil
That Fancy hung afar.
And that now I see with a worldly eye
All things as they truly are.

So I'll sing no more the old love songs
That I sung so long ago,
A laughing girl, as you listening sat
In the twilight's peaceful glow,
Their strains suit not my present lot
With their tender words of truth,
And their plaintive tones seem a requiem,
Sung o'er the deep grave of youth.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

YOU cannot wake the singer's song,
When dumb is the voice of the singer ;
You cannot start a torrent forth,
If dry is the source of the river ;
You cannot ring sweet chiming tones
From a bell of the coarsest metal,
Nor race with a common, plodding horse,
That has no pride or mettle.
No more within a human heart
Can generous thoughts be hoarded,
Kind words be spoke—good actions done—
If the soul is mean and sordid.

So ope your hearts, all ye who read,
And end this selfish grasping,
Be generous, frank—be honest, true,
Let Friendship's ties be lasting,
Reach out and aid deserving poor,
Soothe all you can of sorrow ;
Don't fawn upon a man to-day
And slander him to-morrow.
This world He made so beautiful,
Why fill so full of trouble ?
Why smile, when some poor brother's path
Is filled with thorns and stubble ?

O shame that man to fellow man,
Doth oft deal hate unbounded !
That rather than to cheer him on
They try to drag him downward !
Expand your soul with noble thoughts
Drive out all there that's sordid,
No kindly act was ever done
Conscience has not rewarded.
Be just, be kind—joy's sun will shine
On you with rays undimming,
If, in your heart, you feel the world
Is better for your living.

IN MEMORIAL.

I LOVED you so
That when you passed away from out my path,
O'er day's bright sun for me a cloud was cast,
I was so lonely—living was a pain ;
I thought my lips would never smile again,
I loved you so.

You passed away.
I stood as stranger on a foreign strand,
And groped in space for your beloved hand.
With throngs about me who in kindness spoke,
My heart, I think, on that sad day was broke,
You passed away.

The years rolled by
And newer forms and loves came to my lot;
They comrades were—but you were not forgot,
In Mem'ry's hall you sat upon your throne
King of my love—the sceptre all your own,
The years rolled by.

'Twas long ago,
And yet with whitened hair and trembling frame
I listen still to hear your voice again,
And eager scan the faces passing by,
Until remembrance comes and then I sigh
"'Twas long ago."

"I WANT MY BALLOON."

AS I walked down the street one bright sunny day,
A comical sight met my gaze;
A scene that for mixture of sorrow and fun,
Will haunt me through all of my days:
On the walk stood a child, who with "Injun-like" yells
Of dismay, stared up to the sky,
Where a tiny, red object was floating away

And fast growing dim to the eye ;
As nearer I came he loudly bawled out,
"I don't want to lose it so soon,—
O please catch it quickly ! O make it come back !
I want my nice, pretty balloon ! "

"Little lad," then I said, "it will never return ;
Why did you let go of the string ?
Pray did you not know when you loosened your hold
Your plaything would surely take wing?
"Why ma'am," sobbed the child, "I thought it would stay
And float close above me, until
I wearied of watching it bob up and down,
And could draw it back to me at will ;
O, won't you please stop it? it's floating away !
I don't want to lose it so soon !
O somebody catch it ! it's going so fast !
Do stop my nice, rosy balloon ! "

Ah ! many there be in this world's busy throng,
Who held in their hands the frail string
That bound to themselves wealth, laurels or love,
Or some other valuable thing ;
But alas ! like the child, they loosened their grasp,
Perhaps merely testing their power,
But realized too late what their recklessness wrought,
As they watched it soar 'bove them so far ;
Then frantic, they strove their hold to regain,
But too oft 'tis humanity's doom,
To, by their own folly, lose what they prize most,
And then cry for their vanished balloon!

MY CHOICE.

BY A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

I'D HAVE a lover brave and true,—
A fond adorer ever;
Who'll woo me with untiring zeal,
And be inconstant never;
Who'll boldly seek and gain my hand,
And "bounce" each other "feller";
Who if a rival dared approach,
Would hit him on the "smeller."

I'd have him have a heart and soul
O'erflowed with truth and daring;
Who knew his rights and claimed them too,
Without a shade of fearing;
Who'd ever press his earnest suit
With honest, manly spirit;
Who'd want my love, and dare to strive
Before all men to win it.

Some girls would like a handsome chap,
Who brings them rings and candy;
Some like a man with lots of "tin,"
And some could love a dandy;
Some like a timid chap who e'er
'Twixt hope and fear doth hover;
But none of these could suit my mind,
I want a dashing lover.

He need not be so very rich,
If he do love but me,

And does not flirt with other girls
When I'm not near to see ;
If such a fellow breathes on earth
On him my heart is set,
And when I catch a sight of him
I'll "set my cap" you bet.

WANTED: A WIFE.

BY A BACHELOR.

I'M WHAT the cold world calls a "bach,"—
I'm looking for a wife ;
Some gentle and obedient girl,
To bless my lonely life ;
I've waited now for forty years
But never met my doom,
And so to-day I advertise,
In hopes to find her soon.

I have a span of splendid grays,—
A "nobby" carriage too ;
Have lots of "stamps"—am 5 ft. 6—
Kind, generous and true ;
But, to all widows seeing this,
I herewith do imply,
That I abhor all "relics," so
No widows need apply!

And to old maids both tall and short,
I solemnly do state,
That I would sooner die than have
A spinster for my mate ;

Their fate waits toward the setting sun,
They'll please the men there best,
To spinsters, I (like Greeley) say;
"Go west," old girls, "Go west."

I want a lovely, sprightly miss
Of eighteen years, or less,
With raven hair and eyes of jet,
And greatest taste in dress;
She must be learned and rich—to such
A willing slave am I,
And here I say to one and all,
No others need apply.

"OLD YALLER."

OR "BETTING MONEY ON THE WRONG DOG."

THIS happened way out in the "diggins,"
An' Bill run a gin-shop out thar;
He was sort of an onery customer,
With a squint an' a shock o' red hair;
He had an old dorg he called "Yaller,"—
Bill said he was great on the fight;
But Lord! we thought he was lyin',
Or talkin' because he was tight.

But it seems Bill, over in England,
Was a "dorg fightin' man," as they say,
An' that this here mean-lookin' old "Yaller,"
Had licked every dorg in his way;
He was a meek lookin' old cretur,
He'd "make up" with the men old an' young,
But a rale rip-tarer when started,
As you'll see when my story is done.

One day a young chap struck the "diggins,"—
He was travelin' on to New York
With a bull-purp—could lick a hyena—
To believe all his long-winded talk;—
Durn my skin, but his dorg was a stunner,
Trim an' stout, iron-jawed an' red-eyed;
An' none on us doubted the cretur
Could show rale game fight, when he tried.

Wal, this chap an' his dorg was one mornin'
Sort o' loafin' around nigh Bill's bar,
When old "Yaller" came trottin' in meek-like,
(He allus was sneakin' round thar);
The bull-purp started for "Yaller,"
But the New York chap collared his pup,
And hollered out, "Shut up that dorg thar,
If you don't want him total chawed up."

"You see my dorg's trained for a fighter,
An' when he sees dorg, black or white,
He'll pitch in if I ain't a watchin',
An' chaw the same dorg out of sight;
I'd hate like the devil to have him
Kill that good natured old dorg o' yourn,
But keep him tied up while I'm here, Bill,
Or he's gone dorg sure as you're born."

Bill grinned, then he said, "why, old 'Yaller,'
He's no good—all the time in the way,
'Spose we have a dorg-fight in the bar-room,
Come stranger, what do you say;
An' to make the thing sort o' excitin',
As 'Yaller's' my dorg, I'll just bet
One hundred, that he in ten minutes,
Will clean out yer prize-fightin' pet."

"Poor 'Yaller,'" says Bill, sort o' soft-like,
"Yer time has most come for to die,"
An' "Yaller" looked up—tail a waggin',
With a kind o' sly wink in his eye;
An' Bill hollered out, "Come on in boys,
Come an' see this 'ere prize-fightin' pup,
(We must have some little excitement),
So he's goin' to chaw 'Yaller' up."

Wal we come in, each man held his dorg thar;
Old "Yaller" was snarlin' like mad,
An' you bet the bull-purp was a snappin'
A lookin' most all-fired bad;
At the word the dorgs met—in a minnit
"Yaller" had the prize dorg by the throat,
An' he shook, an' he chawed, never givin'
The bull-purp a chance for a holt.

An' he shook till the purp "kicked the bucket,"
Then he trotted quite cool like away
As if he'd done nothin' uncommon,
But chawed up bull-purps every day;
An' Bill gobbled up the bet money,
Smilin' like at the defunct bull-purp,
An' says he, "*Who else here's got a dorg now*
That wants to chaw old 'Yaller' up?"

The city chap sneaked off quite quiet,
An' left for New York the next day;
Old "Yaller" is trottin' around yet,
Quite innercent-like in his way;
Bill's jolly as ever—an' boastin'
An' braggin' about his old pup,
An' never gets tired a tellin'
How the prize dorg chawed old "Yaller" up.

"I'LL BET YER A DOLLAR."

'TIS strange how betting is "coming in style,"—
All bet, both the great and the small,—
And precious few people we meet now-a-days
Who do no betting at all.
"I'll bet you a dollar" 's the favorite sum now,
So I'll "fall in" and "follow in line,"
And bet with the rest as my pen scribbles off
This simple and rough little rhyme.

If you meet a man who is "seedy" and poor,
And not got a cent to his name;
If you reach out your hand and help him along,
Once more independence to gain;
When he gets a firm stand by your liberal aid,
And is well up Prosperity's hill,
He may vow that your kindness he'll never forget,
But "I'll bet yer a dollar" he will.

A young gentleman escorts a young lady home
From a party or ball as may be,
And stops at the gate for a moment or so,
And longs for a kiss,—do you see?
If he snatch one the lady may hurry away
With the look of a much injured saint,
And vow "she's insulted!" and "terribly vexed!"
But "I'll bet yer a dollar" she ain't.

An old bachelor sits in his dingy old room,
With a scowl on his crabbed old face;
With no children to prattle around his hearth-stone,
And no kind wife his table to grace;

He may sneer at young couples, and call them "poor fools,"
Laugh to scorn each proud, happy young "dad";
He may swear he is pleased with his bachelor state,
But "I'll bet yer a dollar" he's sad.

But I'll close now my silly and strange little verse,
And afflict the kind reader no more;
If indeed anybody has patience enough
To con these rude sentences o'er;
Don't find fault, I pray, nor ask "where's the sense
Of this rambling poem (?) or rant";
Don't insist that the meaning to you I make plain,—
For "I bet yer a dollar" I can't.

DEACON GRAY.

OLD Deacon Gray was as mean a man
As I've seen for many a day;
He'd steal and lie for the sake of a dime,
And rob all who came in his way;
He'd steal the cents from a dead man's eyes,
Yet loud would he cant and pray;
"So much ahead," he'd say to himself
As he hoarded the pennies away.

Yet Deacon Gray was a "pious" man,—
He was member of church and choir;
Though he starved his children and wife—and "beat"
His poor laborers out their hire;
He stole a cow from his neighbor's herd—
Stole wood from his neighbor's pile;
"So much ahead," said Deacon Gray,
"I'll be rich in a little while!"

Well, Deacon Gray he died one day,—
  Like the rest of poor human race,
And his soul went out of its case of clay,
  And soared to unknown space ;
The Devil met him with leer and grin,—
  For the Devil's heart was gay ;
" I'm a soul ahead ! Come on ! ha ! ha !"
  Said the Devil to Deacon Gray.

"BIG INJUN."

HE came and sat by our camp fire
  With a savage's proud disdain.
He was gaudy with paint and feathers,—
  "Big Eagle" was his name ;
I asked him to tell of his exploits,—
  Of deeds that gained him his fame,
And he folded his blanket about him,
  And began in the following strain :

"Me Uncle Sam's good Injun ;
  Me big chief of Cheyenne ;
Me steal—me cuss—drink firewater,
  All same like pale face men ;
Me got me squaws heap plenty ;
  Pappooses me got nine ;
Heap much good grub and blankets ;
  Have heap much bully good time ;
Nine moons me go on war-path,—
  Kill much—steal ponies heap ;
By by Injun tired out fighting,—
  Uncle Sam send coffee—bread—meat ;
Then Injun go back to wigwam—

Much cold—ground all over snow ;
When summer come, then me fight more ;
Then me go Washington*—maybe so.
Uncle Sam forget 'bout Injun,—
No send 'nough coffee—bread—meat ;
Then Injun him kill all soldiers,—
Burn ranch—scalp—steal—much heap
Now all time me good Injun ;
Big Eagle great chief—no lie ;
Me got good grub and blankets—
Uncle Sam—bully boy—glass eye."

* * * * * *

O ravers o'er pitiful stories
Of the "poor persecuted red men,"
If you want to be cured of your folly,
Come and gaze on the noble (?) Cheyenne.

A WOMAN'S EXPLANATION.

WELL, yes, I did go walking
On yesterday with Jim,
But, Jack, you know he's but a friend,
You needn't care for him.
We walked down in the woodland,
The birds' sweet songs to hear ;
He squeezed my hand—but—but—I fancied
He was you, my dear.

Last week we went out sailing,
A few miles down the bay ;
I went to help pass time, dear Jack,
While you were far away.

* It is the ardent wish of most of the chiefs of the different reservations to be sent to Washington.

His arm got round my waist,
But how, I never can make clear;
He—kissed me once—but—but—I fancied
He was you, my dear.

There now! he's gone! and angry too!
What have I said that's wrong?
He thinks when he's away I should
Sit grieving all day long!
"I flirt!" "I false?" Well, I declare!
I'll spoil his little plan!
I'll never speak to him again!
The wretched, jealous man!

THE OLD MAID.

THERE'S many old maids in this world of ours,
Old maids short, and old maids tall,
Old maids lean and old maids stout,
Old maids, too many to name or call,
But I'll tell of an old maid, well known to me,
A staid old maiden of forty-three.

She pities poor wives with minds bowed down
With their weight of household and family care,
With their cranky husbands to fret and fume,
To spit on the carpet, and drink and swear.
"I'd like to see a man 'boss' over me!"
Said the wrathy old maiden of forty-three.

For lovers she feels supremest scorn,
If she catches them courting she gets quite wild,
She lectures the poor girl, and says "I ne'er

Heard tell of such actions when I was a child.
No beast of a man ever dared to hug me!"
Said this prudish old maiden of forty-three.

"Now there's Mrs. J., with her pair of twins,
The racket they keep up is fit to kill;
And she, poor thing, tries night and day
With soothing syrup to keep 'em still,
No colicky young ones are squalling round me!"
Says this crabbed old maiden of forty-three.

"Men, horrid wretches—deceitful herd!
They're a stumbling-block for poor womankind,
If one should ask *me* to marry him,
I tell you I'd give him a piece of my mind.
There's women fools plenty now-a-days without me,"
Said this stately old maiden of forty-three.

* * * * * * *

Perhaps she means every word that she says,
But when I saw her on yesterday,
I noticed she'd dressed herself quite "to death,"
And was trying her best to seem young and gay.
The "talk" is, she's trying to catch Deacon Lee—
(Of course, that's nothing to you or me)
So "go it" old maiden of forty-three.

A WARNING TO POETS.

ONE summer's day as I was idly musing,
And time most heavy on my hands did hang,
As listlessly I watched the street's crowd passing
And heard their different common phrases, slang,
It grieved me sore, I sighed "Alas!" to listen

To those slang words they spoke so light and gay,
And soon, impatient closed my window shutter,
And started out to walk the time away.

As on I trod in restless, careless humor,
I to a grand old wood my steps did wind,
In hopes some great poetical effusion
Would come to me to better all mankind,
I sat me down beside a murmuring brooklet,
Whose waters danced along the golden sand,
"To thee I'll sing! O gleaming mass of brightness!"
I cried, and took my poet's pen in hand.
I started thus: "O water pure and sparkling,
That rushes on unto the moaning sea,
A charm lies in your crystal gleaming bosom;
A charm! a hallowed charm for such as me,
Your limpid waters bright! O how they gush—"
I paused—an Echo seemed to say
"O let 'er gush!"

Such base remark drove all grand thoughts away,
And more I grieved about our English slang,
But soon a lovely lily caught my eye,
That o'er the glistening water-edge did hang.
"O lily fair!" I cried, "so tall and stately,
As pure and lovely as a virgin's brow!
Thy spotless leaves, alas, ah must they crumble?"
I paused for thought, and Echo laughing said
"O take a tumble."

With angry heart I hastened from the spot,
Into another glade most dear to me,
And here, my Muse inspired then my pen,
By sight of a grand, stately, old oak tree,
"Old hoary king of forest, strong and noble,

That proudly stands through all the winter hard."
I paused, and heard the sneering Echo whisper
Through all the hills around,
"O cheese it, pard!"

I wildly strove to drive the slangy phrases—
So common to this age—out of my head,
And to a valley deep, where violets blossomed,
I next did turn my poem-seeking tread.
"O modest little flowers!" I cried exultant;
"Ye that I culled, a merry, careless child!"
I paused, and heard the distant Echo whisper,
And murmur softly round
"O draw it mild!"

"O Echo!" then I cried; "like all the nation
You're using slang, I plainly now can see;
I'll hie me to my calm and quiet study,
Where silence reigns, where naught can trouble me."
Indignant then I turned my footsteps homeward,
While Echo answered back
"O tra la le!"

* * * * * * *

O poets young, O poets old and hoary,
O poets who the woodland's praises sang,
No use to hie you there to coax the Muses,
For Echo you will find is using slang.

THE OMEN.

TWO lovers sat watching one bright summer night,
Hand in hand, cheek to cheek, the moon's beams,
Enjoying the present, the future unheeding,
Their hearts all aglow with their own happy dreams.

The beautiful sky, by no cloudlet bedimmed,
Strewn thickly with stars, was as blue
As the eye of the maiden, who dreamily pondered,
And listened to promises seemingly true.

As they looked, two large stars in the heavens above
Fixed their gaze ; "That is mine," said the youth,
"As that star is my love ever constant and bright,
As that star everlasting my truth ;"

"The other is mine. Brilliant omen of fate !"
As she spoke blushes dyed her fair cheek,
The innocent thoughts to her lips found their way,
And she spoke as love only can speak.

Long sat they thus gazing, all trouble forgetting—
Not noting a cloud from afar,
Which drifting quite slowly but steadily gaining,
Soon covered his clear, shining star.

That instant her star like a meteor flashed,
It sparkled and fell to the ground,
Where it died—leaving vacant the place it had brightened,
So now neither star could be found.

As trembling they saw the fair tokens departing,
Grief arose in each heart, and with fears
Crowding backward the love with gloomy forebodings,
They parted in sorrow and tears.

They met soon again but with faces averted,
The love in his heart had grown cold;
His vows were untrue and soon lightly were broken,
As the cloud o'er his star had foretold.

She mingled in revelry, listened to praises,
Her thoughts all the while away far.
With scorn on her lip and all murmurs disdaining
She died—like her beautiful star.

PERHAPS.

"Since if you stood at my side to-day
Only our hands would meet,
What matter if half the weary world
Lies out between our feet."—PHŒBE CARY.

THE flower a hand has rudely pressed
Will slowly droop and die,
A fallen star will ne'er more beam
Within yon brilliant sky.
The tree that stood before the gale
With proudly towering head,
At length the long continued storm
Uproots from Earth's damp bed.

E'en so the love that firmly clung,
With fervent faith and trust,
Unto the one whose cold neglect
Slow crushed it to the dust.
Like as the tree, the sore tried heart
At last will surely break,
And late repentance and kind words
Dead love can never wake.

Perhaps the dog whose angry tooth
Was buried in my hand,
I'll beckon with a gentle tone
Again by me to stand.
Perhaps a little singing bird
Who hears a serpent hiss,
At once does fly into his coils
With joy and trustfulness.

E'en so, perhaps, in time my heart
Will learn to love again,
And trust once more the treach'rous soul
That bowed it low with pain.

Perhaps thy falseness I'll forget
As years shall slow elapse.
I do not say thee, yea, or nay,
I only say—Perhaps.

PARTED.

WHEN the twilight's dusky mantle
Turns to black the forest's green,
When the world is calmly sleeping
'Neath the bright moon's silvery beam,
When the night-winds soft are wafting
Flowers' pure incense to above,
All my soul is yearning toward thee,
And I think of thee, my love.

As I wander o'er Life's pathway
And my heart grows faint and lone,
And I weary turn from pleasure,
Longing for thy voice and home,
Gentle Peace folds o'er my spirit
Her soft pinions like a dove,
And my road seems far less lonely
When I think of thee, my love.

Low thy graceful head is lying,
O'er thy breast the daisies blow,
And the anguish of my bosom
Only God and thou can know.
Though my bruised rebellious spirit
Dares to question Him above,
Still I strive to hush my murmurs
When I think of thee, my love.

Do not enter at the portal;
Tarry yet awhile for me,
I am hastening up the pathway,
Soon I'll stand again by thee.
Leave me not, beloved spirit,
Wait beside the gate above—
Hand in hand once more together
Let us enter in, my love.

TRIALS.

MANY the trials I meet in life
As I hurry the journey along,
Many the trials, many the cares—
And many a bitter wrong.

Many companions I dearly loved
The Master has called away.
I know they watch and wait for me
In the happy Far-away.

Often my fondly cherished hopes
Are rudely dashed to earth,
And often friends I love the best
I find are of little worth.

I wept o'er the loss of those I loved,
I wept o'er my hopes' rude fall,
But the tears I shed when I found thee false
Were the bitterest tears of all.

Many the trials I meet in life—
They are waiting for great and small;
But to find my trust in thee betrayed
Is the heaviest trial of all.

LINES.

I AM sad and weary, darling,
Lonely and sick at heart,
For I long for your dear presence
Though we are so far apart.
O, to clasp your hand, my dear one,
O, your kindly voice to hear!
Wheresoe'er your feet may wander,
May God protect you, dear.

I shall watch for your returning,
I can never love thee less,
May His watchful care be with you
And your life forever bless.
Though long miles now stretch between us,
Yet in thought I'm ever near,
And my heartfelt prayer is ever
That God will bless you, dear.

Ah! be sure I'm thinking of you
Though your name I never speak,
And my heart is yearning toward you
With love thoughts true and deep;
Heaven guard my distant darling,
Be the skies above thee clear
From a single shade of clouding,
And may God protect you, dear.

REMEMBER ME.

WHEN I am far away, dear one,
Yes, miles and miles from you, my friend,
May blessings hover o'er thy path,
And Fortune e'er thy steps attend.
My changeful life will often be
As turbid as a troubled sea,
Yet, O what joy 'twill be to know
That sometimes you will think of me.

Your honest love I do not doubt,
I clasp your warm and friendly hand,
I know no other truer friend
I'll ever find in any land,
God's blessings on your faithful heart.
Go where you will—where'er you be,
Let not Time weaken Friendship's ties,
But, dearest one, remember me.

I know a future day will come,
A day when we shall meet again,
The joy of meeting will outweigh
By far the bitter parting pain.
Farewell! your mem'ry, dear, will dwell
Within my heart on land or sea.
And may I never live to see
The day you have forgotten me.

WATCHING.

A SEA STORY.

SHE stood alone on the wild sea shore,
Her lover was far away,
Yet she watched and waited for his return
Patiently day by day.
"'Tis many a day," I heard her say,
"Since he sailed o'er the dark blue main,
But I'll murmur not, *he has not forgot,*
I know he will come again!"

O'er her brow so fair
Her soft dark hair
Was tossed by the wind so wild,
Yet her eyes so true
Scanned the Ocean's blue
With the faith of a little child.
But no welcome mast
Her vision passed
Though she watched with anxious pain,
And whispered low:
"He will come, I know,
Yes, he surely will come again!"

The year passed by, her soft dark eye
Grew dim with watching long,
Yet her heart's pure will was constant still,
And her maiden love as strong;
Yet she faded fast, and she died at last,
Her watching all in vain.
From the distant strand of a foreign land
Her lover ne'er came again.

O'er her brow so calm
The summer long
The roses bloom so pale,
And the Robin's trill
And the Whip-poor-will
Her early death bewail.
Yet I often dream, in the Twilight's gleam,
I can hear her whisper low:
"I will murmur not, he has not forgot,
He will come again, I know!"

DISCONTENT.

THEY come to greet me with their outstretched hands
And bid me "welcome" in a hearty tone,
Yet in their midst my heart is discontent,
And 'mong them all I feel but more alone.
Their voices cannot win my restless soul,
Nor drive away the shades of lonely care,
I turn away from them unsatisfied,
Because you are not there.

What care I if they love the songs I sing?
What matter if they praise the words I rhyme—
What matter if they crown me Pleasure's queen,
If my heart is so lonely all the time?
The crowd of smiling faces are to me
As naught—although they beam so genial, fair—
I cannot meet and give them smile for smile,
Because you are not there.

I'd rather see one honest face I love,
And feel the touch of one beloved hand,
Whose clasp has power to thrill my icy heart
Unmoved by merry strains from Flattery's band,

So, though they welcome me—a happy throng—
And jest with hearts so free from any care,
Among them all I feel but more alone,
Because you are not there.

A HEART SONG.

'TIS true that we are severed far,
We ne'er may meet again, dear,
For I am here and you are there,
And have been many a sad year;
My heart yearns ever to your own
As flowers seek earliest morn's dew,
Yet still I never do repent
That I have met and loved you.

My path in life comes never near
The way you tread alone, dear,
You miss my presence by your side,
And I, too, grieve you're not near,
Yet mem'ry sweet remains us both
Of joys so pure we once knew.
My heart is better—tenderer,
Since I have met and loved you;

Mine was a useless, dreary life,
Without an end or aim, dear,
Wrapped up in self I drew to me
But scorn or pity—doubt—fear.
Since far from you, I seek about
To find what good I may do,
And live for others, not myself,
Since I have met and loved you.

So, though we journey far apart
And ne'er shall meet again, dear,
I'll pray for you and you for me
With conscience from a blot clear,
And as I journey on and find
'Mong many hearts, so few true,
My faith in human kind dies not
Since I have met and loved you.

God knoweth best—so don't complain,
But bow unto His will, dear,
If meant that we should meet again
He'll show the way to us clear.
But come what may, the world to me
Is brighter, better, more true,
Than when I empty-hearted roamed
Before I met and loved you.

DRIFTING APART.

DRIFTING apart! Drifting apart!
Our barks now float on Life's turbid tide.
But no longer gliding side by side,
And I miss thy voice of kindly cheer,
As I watch o'er the waste of waters drear,
The masts of thy speeding bark.

Drifting apart! Afar to roam,
And every rise of the billows' swell
Divides us further. Ah! is it well?
My soul says nay—but so let it be—
I wave farewell, farewell, to thee!
And journey on alone.

Drifting apart! Perhaps ere long
When my bark is lost fore'er from view,
When the storm-clouds shroud the sky now blue,
When the tempest fills thy heart with fear,
You will long, too late, my voice to hear,
And see thy course is wrong.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"THY will be done." O simple little words,
And yet so hard for us to truly say;
To bow unquestioning before Thy will,
And meekly bear the burdens of to-day.
Pity our weakness, O most holy Son!
And teach our murmuring lips to say
"Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done." See where the widow mourns,
As o'er her dead companion sad tears fall,
Alone she stands—her heart's dear comrade gone,
Nor answers to her wild, despairing call;
O dry your eyes, poor mourner, think for him
Has risen up Eternity's glad sun,
O may He help thy stricken soul to say
"Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done." The mother weeping stands
Beside the coffin of her cherished one;
The baby, snatched from off her loving breast
Before its little life had scarce begun;
Beside her, Lord, in pitying kindness stand,
And hold her hand, most gracious Holy one;
Thou know'st how hard for her poor lips to say
"Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done." O how we need Thy help
To say those words with humble, trustful heart,
To bow before Thy will in everything,
As in this dreary world we take our part.
Thou knowest our weakness, and how prone to stray,
Rebellious, leaving all Thy work undone;
But Lord, forgive, and help us all to say
"Thy will be done."

HAVE TRUST IN GOD.

HAVE trust in God,
When o'er thy pathway heavy shadows lie,
When no kind friend nor earthly help is nigh
To cheer thy soul; when thy frail bark is driven
By darkest storms of life, look unto Heaven
And trust in God.

Have trust in God;
He knows the lonesome way is dark and drear,
He knows thy heart is often filled with fear;
But his strong hand is at the vessel's helm
And though storms rave, they ne'er shall overwhelm,
So trust in God.

Have trust in God;
He bendeth low to hear thy faintest call,
He knoweth every trial—burden—all—
So when thy cares seem heaviest to bear,
Press on thy way with softly whispered prayer,
And trust in God.

Have trust in God;
And when thy bark shall breast the tide no more,
When life's long journey shall at last be o'er,
Then will thy soul, from its dark bondage free,
Soar to the heavenly shore and ever be
Safe with its God.

RESIGNATION.

HOW doth our minds e'er strive to see
Into the dark futurity!
To pierce the gloom before our eyes,
The cloud that o'er the future lies,
And see our whole lives clear and plain,
How much of joy—how much of pain;
And often do we pass away
In longings vain, the present day,
While fancy paints a scene more fair,
With flowers rich and scented air,
Which, by the contrast, dims the light
Of blessings that are now so bright.

Ah, foolish ones! to pass in scorn
The treasures of life's early morn,
To slight the jewels at our feet,
And grasp for those beyond our reach,
And for "What is to come" still sigh,
Until to-day has glided by!
O let us meet the coming years,
With all their pleasures, cares and fears,
Just as God's providence has planned,
And humbly take from His kind hand
The good, the ill, the toil, the rest,
E'er feeling that He knoweth best.

SUBMISSION.

MY heart doth not yet understand
The workings of Thy wondrous hand,
Nor know Thy righteous way;
But what is now as blackest night,
Thy mighty love will some time light,
Make plain some future day.

'Tis true the way seems lone and dark,
And often my faint, saddened heart
Is filled with grief and pain;
But when Thy gracious words I hear,
"Dear child, thy Lord is ever near,"
The path seems bright again.

Then let me trust Thee more and more,
And when my weary days are o'er,
And my bewildered sight
Shall look back over life again,
With all its mysteries made plain,
I'll see that Thou wast right.

MY PRAYER.

HOLD Thou my hand,
As o'er life's changing, stormy sea I float,
And storm-gusts fierce threat oft to wreck my boat;
Oh! when the billows roar and swell most high,
When naught I see but dark and frowning sky,
Lord, near me stand.

Lord, call to me
Whene'er with fancied strength I strive to guide,
Without Thy help, my bark across the tide;
Oh, let not then Thy anger on me fall,
But deign the foolish wanderer to recall,
Back unto Thee.

Hold Thou my hand,
And give me strength to battle boldly on,
Ne'er shrinking, though the tide be swift and strong,
And when by yon bright shore my anchor's cast,
O, then with thankful soul may I at last
Before Thee stand.

BE THOU MY GUIDE.

I TREAD along life's changeful, rugged pathway,
And gather often briers—sometimes flowers ;
Still, looking forth with hope in the to-morrow,
I pass away Time's swiftly flying hours.
But naught of evil will my years betide,
If Thou, O Lord, wilt be my shield and guide ;

Oft doth my heart, with sad and weary pining,
Long for the coming of a brighter day,
And often to my thankless eyes discerning,
Is naught but dreary darkness all the way.
And oft my lips with murmurings loud complain,
Because the blessings sent are mixed with pain.

Teach me, O Lord, with humble mind to praise Thee,
Alike 'mid pleasure and in trouble sore ;
O, may I e'er, amidst life's stormiest billows,
But cling unto and trust Thee more and more,
And lift my eyes in earnest faith above,
Relying on Thy strong, undying love.

Watch Thou o'er me through all the busy future,
Within my soul in gracious kindness dwell,
And may I e'er amidst life's strangest changes,
Still feel within myself, *Thou doest all well ;*
For naught but good can all my days betide,
If Thou, O Lord, wilt be my shield and guide.

SELF-RELIANCE.*

NO one ever amounted to anything in any position in life who was not self-reliant. If you intend to depend upon the advice and aid of your friends all your life, it would be well for you to die early, before your friends become too sick and tired of you to even attend your funeral. Self-reliance, hand in hand with integrity and industry, is bound to win in the end. I despise a man who is always deliberating—not whether he is right or wrong, but what Mr. So-and-So will say of his actions. Lay out your road carefully, conscientiously (being careful always not to trespass on your neighbor's ground), and then plod along. Let those who walk in different roads jeer if they will. The man who laughs at one who starts on a road of his own making, wastes just so much valuable time, and by holding your peace and steadily moving on, you will distance him just so far, while he is wasting his time criticising your movements. Remember the winning horse is seldom the one that starts best. Don't be afraid to originate. An ape can copy, but it takes intellect and study to originate ; and if we all keep going on in the same old ruts, we will be little better than puppets that are worked by the master-mind of some of our ancestors, who originated what was suited to their time and age, but which may be totally unfit to suit our demands or conditions. It is best not to waste time listening to "advisers." Advice is cheap, but the man who is most ready to give you advice is seldom successful or prosperous in his own undertakings. Yet it is always wise to hearken to the experiences of others who have traveled over the country in which you lay your road. They can warn you of many a pitfall and slough, and it is a fool who does not respect the experiences of age, or stubbornly shuts his ears when a friend cries "Danger ahead." Follow no man's advice unless it agrees with your own good sense and judgment. Think for yourself—that is why the great Ruler created every being with brains of his own. If you do the best you can, but find after faithful labor, that, with all your care and planning, you are on the wrong track, don't be too proud to go back.

Never seek for happiness in throngs and dissipation. Happiness shuns crowds. There is more true pleasure in a ten-minute chat with some congenial friend than in ten hours' carousal in a throng of "pleasure seekers." Keep your eyes about you, and when you see some poor fellow struggling to carry a load beyond his strength, give him a lift if you can ; but watch that you yourself do not try to carry more than you are able, else some one may need to come to your aid, and although it is a pleasure to give aid, it is often humiliating to be obliged to receive it. Be respectful to those you have dealings with, but do not cringe to any one, for the mask of hypocrisy falls off at last and the true face is discovered. Avoid double dealing. Be yourself at all times. If you are honest in all things, you will never fear to look your fellow-man in the face, and if you watch the experiences of those about you, you can easily discover that deceit brings swift and sure punishment.

* Written for the Xmas number *New York Mirror*, of 1887.

THE ACTOR.*

WHO promenades upon the "Square"
With cane, silk hat and lordly air
And tells about the "offers grand"
He has from best "stars" in the land?
The Actor.

Who often goes out with a "snap"
To towns you can't find on the map
The Public's (?) mirth one night supplies
Then has to come back "counting ties"?
The Actor.

Who tells about the "hits" he's made
With solemn look and accents grave,
And says that, in the public mind,
He left the "star" far, far behind?
The Actor.

Who often says behind your back
That he "can teach you how to act,"
And yet, if you should need a friend
His last dime-piece to you will lend?
The Actor.

Who often fails in the "legit"
Yet in "black-face" can make a "hit"
Then vows "the public taste is low,
And wants a vulgar, trashy show"?
The Actor.

* Written for *New York Clipper*, December 29, 1886.

Who, when misfortune's cry is heard
Is first with aid and kindly word
And freely gives his store of pelf
And very often robs himself?
The Actor.

Who when Death's touch his life doth end
Is seldom left without a friend
Who, grateful for some kindness past
Cares for and loves him to the last?
The Actor.

And when his voice no more beguiles,
May Peter "pass" him in with smiles,
And he go in to final rest
And take a "front seat" with the best—
The Actor.

DON'T MISS YOUR "CUE."

I KNOW some folks who idly stand and moan
That "Good Luck never yet has come their way";
While if they'd ope their eyes and look about
They'd see him at their side 'most every day.
These people stand like sticks along life's path
With scowling brows (the sight gives one the blues),
While for "ill-luck" they can but thank themselves—
They've missed their "cues."

This world was made for busy hands and brains;
The worthy one who toils is he who wins.
How can one hope to win the race of life
Who slowly walks, and running ne'er begins?

Prepare yourself to-day for better work,
For greater tasks that you may have to do ;
Then, when your chances come, be quick to act—
Don't miss your "cue."

I scorn the man who has not "nerve" to stand
And face his future with a hopeful eye,
Who drifts along life's tide without an aim,
And only lives to eat, to drink, and die.
The world is full of "chances" by the score
For higher aims, more noble work and true ;
So "learn your part" and be assured ere long
You'll hear your "cue."

Then let us strive by honest, faithful toil
To be as great and noble as we can ;
It is a duty that we owe ourselves,
To those we love and to our fellow-man.
Perform your part to-day with patient care,
Perchance 'twill prove a stepping-stone for you ;
Then when your chances come for better work
Don't miss your "cue."

SUNSHINE.

A CHEERFUL, contented man or woman does more good in the world than ten doctors. What brightens one up more or makes one feel more satisfied with life than the cheery greeting and the hearty hand-clasp, of the cheerful man?

To go about with a dull, dissatisfied expression on one's face is the worst kind of selfishness. Your dark, frowning face casts a shadow for the time over the life of every susceptible being you are brought in contact with, and if the world has used you ill you have no right to make your friends suffer. One-half the troubles of this life are of our own making. We want things all our own way, and when we don't get it, like a spoiled child, we raise a yell that annoys everyone within hearing. The trouble with most of us is we waste our time either grieving over what we have lost in the past or what we fancy we see beyond our reach in the future—neglecting all the glorious gifts of the present. It is folly for one to say "I can't help my feelings." Of course you can't if, instead of crushing them, you secretly nourish and feed your evil thoughts and fancies. If we will only judge ourselves as we judge others, and scorn ourselves as we scorn others who are guilty of the same ill doing, we will in time, by holding a tight rein on the selfish part of our nature, grow with our years nearer and nearer the ideal man or woman. No one has a fault without knowing it, and the worst of all our faults is self-love. We do love ourselves, and until we can sink that selfishness and love others at least as well as ourselves, we can never be either noble or great in the true sense of the word. A cheerful man is generally both generous and just, and a smile on the lips is usually a reflection of sunshine in the heart. "Where is all this 'sunshine' to come from?" my bilious, grumbling friend inquires. Go out and search for it. Get out from the thick shade of your own moping fancies. Step out and give the sun a chance. It can never reach its rays into your dark little corner. Step out, look about you; see how many struggling fellow-men and women there are in the world to aid. That will be "sunshine" for you. Aid them, if not by money, by kind words, an encouraging smile, an approving "well done," and, best of all, by your example.

There are men and women in this world whose daily life is a prayer. I don't mean they parade their religion, but their daily life shows an honest purpose to do as they would be done by, and to love their neighbor as themselves. Such people do more good than twenty sermons. Don't be afraid to praise people. The idea that praising spoils is absurd. By praise I don't mean flattery, but when one really does well don't be afraid to tell him so. It encourages him to

greater efforts, and in the heart of every human being, I think, is planted a desire for commendation. There's plenty of sunshine in the world ; plenty of things worth living for, if we'll only look about and find them. There are many more good people in the world than bad, many honest hearts that will eagerly meet us more than half way if we'll only hold out our hand in a friendly spirit. So let us open the shutters and let God's sunshine into our homes and open our hearts and let the sunshine of fellowship and love for our kind into our lives. Let us try to live less for ourselves and more for others, and, I think, we will find it is a good thing to be alive after all.

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